

“Up here, Little Green,” came a faraway cry,
There were her friends, soaring up in the sky!



No longer caterpillars
crawling on leaves,
They were butterflies now,
flying high on the breeze.

“We have changed!” They all cheered,
“You’ll be next, there’s no doubt!”



Little Green gulped as fear started to sprout.

The worry set in, like a small, shooting seed,
And started to spread like a wild growing weed.